THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

PORTER & HOVEY, Publishers.

COLBY, - - - - - - KANSAS.

THE FANCY SHOT.

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette:
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah captain, here goes for a fine-drawn bead;
There's music around when my barrel's in tune!"
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the riding dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood—
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud."

"Oh, captain, I staggered and sunk on my track
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette;
For he looked so like you as he lay on his back
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket, this locket of gold,
An inch from the center my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha, rifleman, fling me the locket! 'tis she,
My brother's young bride; and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband. Hush, soldier, 'twas Heaven's decree;
We must bury him here, by the light of the moon.

"But hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;
War is a virtue, weakness is sin;
There's lurking and loping around us to-night:
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in."

—*Charles Dawson Shanly.*

AFTER MANY DAYS.

James Gardner Did Not Become an "Enoch Arden."

When I was a young fellow I lived on father's farm down there in Connecticut. You've seen the place. The church was near the tavern, and behind the church was the parsonage; and there lived Dominie Wheeler and his daughter Dolly. On Saturdays, after I had my supper, I used to dress myself and tell my mother that I meant to call on Dominie Wheeler's folks. Mother generally answered that I couldn't do better, that the dominie's conversation was sure to be improving, and that Dolly was not "hity-tity, like some gals she could mention."

Father would add: "And a pretty little critter, too." And armed with parental authority I would go to the parsonage.

It was a good time to go, for the sermon had to be finished, as a general thing, on that evening, and Dolly and I had delightful long talks in those solitary moments, and one evening I proposed to Dolly and she accepted me. The dominie gave us his blessing, father and mother said they could not have chosen a daughter-in-law to suit them better, and all they asked was that we should wait a little while.

"My daughter is not seventeen years old yet," said the dominie. "You must not be in a hurry to take her from me."

"Wait two years and you will be three-and-twenty, and I'll give you the river farm and build you a house," said father.

Our course of true love seemed to be running very smooth indeed, and I would have staked my life and soul, a pretty heavy stake, on my constancy, but somehow, I think Satan thought we were too happy, and laid a trap for me. Doctor Robins' widow, a managing woman with a big house, was in the habit of taking summer boarders, and every year a lot of city strangers wandered about the place from June to September. When Dolly and I had been engaged about a year and a half, the widow had thirty boarders in her house, and Ike and Edwin and all the male help slept in the barn.

There was one young lady there, a Miss Sally Gray, so pretty that every one who saw her was talking about it. And I was introduced to her. Some women have a way of making a man act against his better judgment. She was one of them. I did not mean to flirt with her, but I did. I did not mean to meet her in shady lanes, and in the quiet wood paths, but we met. She knew (I suppose Ike Robins had told her) about my engagement, and she teased me about being afraid of my sweetheart.

"Such a good, prim little thing," she would say. "Is she dreadfully shocked at me? Does she think I am a flirt? Does she pray for me in meeting?"

I felt angry, but yet I was piqued into proving myself free to do as I liked. At a little evening party, to which we were asked, I danced five dances with her, and when, at last, my conscience smote me, and I went to look for Dolly, I found she had gone home.

"She said her pa wanted her," said Mrs. Robins; "but I tell you plainly, James Gardner, I don't believe it; and for my part, I don't see what people can find to admire in that impudent New York girl. If my Tilly behaved like her, I'd shut her up on bread and water until she reformed."

I hurried away, but the parsonage was shut up when I got there, and I spent an hour walking up and down before the house, staring at the dark windows. The time seemed very long until the next evening, and I went over to the parsonage very early; but Dolly not there.

"She's gone to spend the evening somewhere," said the dominie, kindly. "I suppose she forgot to leave word for you to come for her. She isn't very well, either; a cold, I suppose. I know I generally caught cold at a party when I was young and attended such entertainments. I hope she'll be careful. Her poor mother died of consumption."

My heart gave a great leap. I thought of Dolly ill, dying, even dead, and I went out into the kitchen to ask the servant if Dolly left any message for me.

"She said she wouldn't be home to-night," answered Nora; "at least, this evening, I mean, and she did not leave word where she was gone."

Nora understood, I saw. I felt terribly injured, and made up my mind to evenge myself by spending the revening with Sally Gray. She was at home, the servant girl said, and I found her waiting in the parlor for me. We had it to ourselves. Mrs. Robins never came in, nor any of the other boarders; indeed, it was now growing late in the season, and they were almost all gone away. If I never knew how to flirt before, Sally Gray taught me how that night, and when I took leave of her I was imprudent enough to tell her I should like to kiss her.

"Do it, if you desire," said she.

And then! Yes, I kissed her; and as I did it the door opened, and we started apart, and there stood Dolly. She had seen it all.

"I left my bonnet here," she said. "Mr. Isaac is going home with me, and I came to get it. Sorry to disturb you."

She was very cool and contemptuous. She tied her bonnet on at the glass, threw her little mantle over her shoulders, and went out. Next day she broke our engagement and sent me back my ring. The next week I left home and went away to sea. Some one had told me that Dolly was going to marry Ike Robins. Mother wrote to me often, and never mentioned Dolly and I never asked about her. I lived with men, generally on the sea, and had no thought of liking or caring for any woman. I always intended to go home and see the old folks, but they died of a fever within two days of each other, and a stranger sent me the news.

Lawyer Dredgers saw to the estate, and did what I asked him to do with the money. I did not need it then, but it would keep me from being a beggar in my old age. And still I sailed the sea, until when forty years old an accident happened to me which came near being my death. It did not kill me nor cripple me, but I was no longer fit for a sailor's life, and there was nothing left for me but to settle down on land and live on my money; and so I went home at last to talk to Lawyer Dredgers and get his advice. I felt very sad as I walked through the village. My parents were dead, no one remembered me; I had not a friend in the place.

The lawyer had done his best to make my money profitable to me, and I was richer than I dreamed. When all the business was over I took a moonlight stroll through the street. It was twenty years since the night I kissed Sally Gray, and lost my love by it; but nothing had altered in the outward aspect of the place.

People were sitting on their porches as of yore; the same flowers seemed to bloom in the gardens; the same loungers to stand about the tavern door; the same young men and girls to hang upon the garden gates. It was odd to think that the girls might be the daughters of those I knew. There stood the church; there the parsonage. I walked toward it. The windows of the sitting-room were open. I drew softly near and peeped in.

The old clock ticked in the corner. The old rag carpet was either the same or another just like it. There was only one blue vase on the mantel. I suppose the other had been broken; but there were the profiles of Grandpa and Grandma Wheeler over the escritoire. There was Dominie Wheeler, looking very much older, sitting exactly as he used to sit beside the table, his red handkerchief over his knees, a cup of tea in his hands.

"Dolly," he said.

And from an inner room came a woman, large, handsome and high colored, who said:

"Well, father?"

Could it be my slim, young Dolly?

Yes, it was. She was very fine-looking now, and she looked so matronly that I immediately concluded that she was Mrs. Isaac Robins.

Still, I could not leave the window. "It was my one glimpse of her," I said to myself, "for years past and years to come."

"Well, father," she said.

And turned smiling toward him.

"I've been thinking it over, Dolly," he said. "I think it would be best for you to marry. I am eighty. I can not live long. You had better marry Mr. Braham. He is very fond of you. You like him, I am sure. Is it for my sake you say no?"

She bent over him and put her hands on his shoulders.

"Father," she said, "I am going to tell you the truth, a thing a woman seldom does in these matters. I should not have to leave you; so it is not for your sake, much as I love you. But I do not care for Mr. Braham. I have only cared for one man in my life—my first love, James Gardner. I sent him away from me, and he had done very wrong; but I think now that we both loved each other. I know that, even now, I can not forget him, and that I never shall forget him while I live."

There were tears in her eyes; she brushed them away. In another moment I was at the door; she opened it. I held out both my hands. Those were Dolly's girlish eyes that looked at me, and I caught her in my arms.

"I have come back to be forgiven, Dolly," I said, and I saw that I had not come in vain.—*Boston Budget.*

Room vs. Company.

Little Freddy (to young Mr. Poots, who has come to call on his sister, Julia, that young lady not having yet appeared)—Have you a real nice room, Mr. Poots?

Poots—Oh, yes. I stop at the Squire House, and I have one of the best rooms in the hotel. What makes you curious about my room?

Freddy—Your company isn't very good at the hotel, is it?

Poots—What a funny question. The company at that hotel is first class. Why do you ask?

Freddy—Oh, nothing; only I heard sister Julia say the other day that your room was better than your company, that's all.

Poots didn't stop to see the young lady.—*Texas Siftings.*

—The loss among cows on the Wyoming ranges has been unusually heavy this year.

RAISING STRAWBERRIES.

How to Prepare the Ground for the Cultivation of This Luscious Fruit.

My first advice in regard to strawberries is to set them out immediately almost anywhere except upon land so recently in grass that the sod is still undecayed. This course is better than not to have the fruit at all, or to wait for it. A year without strawberries is a lost year in one serious respect. While there is a wide difference between what plants can do under unfavorable conditions and what they can be made to do when their needs are fully met, they will probably in any event yield a fair supply of delicious fruit. Secure this as soon as possible. At the same time remember that a plant of a good variety is a genius capable of wonderful development. In ordinary circumstances it is like the "mute, inglorious poets" whose enforced limitations were lamented by the poet Gray; but when its innate powers and gifts are fully nourished it expands into surprising proportions, sends up hundreds of flowers, which are followed by ruby gems of fruit whose exquisite flavor is only surpassed by its beauty. No such concentrated ambrosia ever graced the feasts of the Olympian gods, for they were restricted to the humble *Fragaria vesca*, or Alpine species. In discovering the New World, Columbus also discovered the true strawberry, and died without knowledge of this result of his achievement.

I can imagine the expression on the faces of those who buy the "sour, crude, half-ripe Wilsons," against which the poet Bryant inveighed so justly. The market is flooded with this fruit, because it bears transportation about as well as would marbles. Yes, they are strawberries; choke-pears and Seckels belong to the same species. There is truth enough in my exaggeration to warrant the assertion that if we would enjoy the possible strawberry we must raise it ourselves, and pick it when fully matured—ready for the table and not for market. Then any man's garden can furnish something better than was found in Eden.

Having started a strawberry patch without loss of time wherever it was handiest, we can now give our attention to the formation of an ideal bed. In this instance we must shun the shade of trees above and their roots beneath. The land should be open to the sky, and the sun free to practice his alchemy on the fruit the greater part of the day. The most favorable soil is a sandy loam, verging toward clay, and it should have been under cultivation sufficiently long to destroy all roots of grass and perennial weeds. Put on the fertilizer with a free hand. If it is barn-yard manure, the rate of sixty tons to the acre is not in excess. A strawberry plant has a large appetite and excellent digestion. It prefers decidedly manure from the cow stable, but that from the horse stable answers very well, but it is not advisable to incorporate it with the soil in its raw, unfermented state, and then to plant immediately. The ground can scarcely be too rich for strawberries, but it can easily be overheated and stimulated. In fertilizing ever keep in mind the two great requisites, moisture and coolness. Manure from the horse stable, therefore, is about doubled in value as well as bulk if composted with leaves, muck or sods and allowed to decay before being used.

Next to enriching the soil the most important step is to deepen it. If a plow is used, sink it to the beam, run it twice in a furrow. If a lifting subsoil-plow can follow, all the better. Strawberry roots have been traced two feet below the surface.

If the location of the plot does not admit the use of a plow let the gardener begin at one side and trench the area to at least the depth of eighteen inches, taking pains to mix the surface, subsoil and fertilizer evenly and thoroughly. A small plot thus treated will yield as much as one three or four times as large. One of the chief advantages of thus deepening the soil is that the plants are insured against their worst enemy—the drought. How often I have seen beds in early June languishing for moisture, the fruit trusses lying on the ground, fainting under the burden, and the berries ripening prematurely into little more than diminutive collections of seeds! When ground has been deepened, as I have said, the drought must be almost unparalleled to resist the development of the fruit. Even in the most favorable seasons hard, shallow soils give but a brief period of strawberries; the fruit ripens all at once, and although the first berries may be of good size the later ones dwindle until they are scarcely larger than peas. Be sure to have a deep, mellow soil beneath the plants.—*E. P. Roe, in Harper's Magazine.*

Building a Cheap Silo.

Experiments at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, in building silos, show that the principal involved in building ice-houses may be applied to silos. It is shown that a hollow frame of scantling, of suitable size, covered on the outside with matched boards, and lined on the inside with two thicknesses of one inch matched boards with a layer of tarred paper between them, thus securing a partially air-tight inclosure, surrounded by a dead space as a protection against frost, is the best and cheapest form of construction, and that if the boards and timbers are saturated with hot coal-tar the duration of the silo will be very much increased. One great objection to the building of silos heretofore has been their cost.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—Stuffed Potatoes: Bake large potatoes until done; cut a "cap" from the top of each; scoop out the inside carefully and mash softly with butter and milk. Mince the giblets of your chicken fine, season with pepper and salt, stir into the potatoes, add the beaten yelk of an egg, beat in a saucepan until very hot, fill the skins, replace the tops and set in an oven for three minutes.—*Boston Budget.*

SLY SKIPPER TOM.

How a Baltimore Mariner Took Two Prisoners in the Port of Rio.

Captain Tom Kelly, now dead, was one of the pioneers in the Rio trade and a man full of Irish wit. The last boat he commanded was the brig Lapwing. The captains of other vessels used to call her Tom Kelly's wooden shoe. Captain Kelly got into a little difficulty with the custom-house officials at Rio at one time. He was hauled up for trial and accused as a Frenchman for violating the customs rules of Brazil. "A Frenchman, did ye soy?" said Captain Kelly. "Be jabers, did ye iver see a Frenchman with a foot as big as that?" and he held up his big feet. The Court of Inquiry laughed and let Captain Tom go. Captain Tom was annoyed, as the other old pioneers were, by the Rio custom-house officers, who in the olden days persisted in even searching a man's pockets when he landed there.

While the Captain was loading in Baltimore for Rio one day a colored man with two snapping-turtles about a third-grown boarded his brig and offered the turtles for sale. "Phat ye want for 'em?" asked the Captain. "Quarter-dollar apiece." "How long will they live?" "Live till dey die, boss, 'en sometimes longer. Doan want ter feed 'em, nuther." "I'll take 'em," says the Captain. He put the snappers in a box and placed them in the cabin. He nursed them carefully and watched them closely until he got back to Rio. When he got there he put on his overcoat, although it was warm, and put a snapper in each pocket. He landed at the Palais steps and started up to the custom-house. An officer got on each side of him, bowing and saying, "*Bono Capitono. Bono Americano,*" and each one slyly thrust a hand in Captain Kelly's overcoat pocket.

The snappers grabbed a finger of each of the hands and the air was blue with Brazilian oath-, but the turtles wouldn't let go. The officials begged the captain to stop and release them, but he pretended not to know what was the matter, and, telling them he was in a hurry, dragged them along to the Custom-house. When he got there the men's hands were taken from his pocket with a snapper clinging to each, and the turtles heads had to be cut off before they would release their hold. The chief of the Custom-house was angry and was about to reprimand Captain Kelly, when he told him that he had brought the turtles as a present to him, and that he had no idea that his subordinates would attempt to rob him on the way. Captain Kelly's pockets were never searched after that.—*Baltimore Herald.*

CRUSHING A WOMAN.

How a Detroit Darky Carried His Point with the Assistance of the "Law."

"If yur has got a leetle time I'd like to ax yur a few queshuns," said a colored resident of Ohio street to a patrolman Sunday morning. Being told to go ahead he continued:

"Airly last summer I put up some fly-screens to keep de flies out."

"So did I."

"Did yur? I got dis stuff called 'skeeter-bar an' tacked it ober de windows on de outside."

"Just what I did."

"Did yur? De stuff what I bought was blue—a werry delicate shade of blue."

"I bought the very same color."

"D.d yur? What was the gineral effeck on de house?"

"Very rich. I used to stand across the street and gaze at it by the hour."

"Well, sah, I want you to settle anuder pint. Am de reg'lar wire-cloth screens dat fit into de window any mo' tony dan a delicate shade of blue 'skeeter-bar stuff tacked on de outside?"

"No, sir, and I'll arrest any person who claims to the contrary!"

"Good! De fust time I kin lay han's on a watermelyon I'll tote it ober to your house. It's a pint de ole woman an' me has bin disputin' all summer. She stuck for wire-cloth of a pale green shade, an' I desisted for delicate blue 'skeeter-bar, an' we broke de stove, two cha'rs, half de crockery an' de baby's arm w'dout settlin' de queshun. It am now settled. De law says I am right. Say, come along around de co'ner. She's hangin' ober de front gate wid a pale green shade of wire-cloth in her eyes, an' I want you to tell her de same as you told me, an' crush her aspirashuns like a pile-driver comin' down on a baby."—*Detroit Free Press.*

LANDSEER'S LIONS.

The Marvelous Skill in Drawing Exhibited by the Great English Artist.

Landseer had an extreme fondness for studying and making pictures of lions, and from the time when, as a boy, he dissected one, he tried to obtain the body of every lion that died in London. Dickens was in the habit of relating that, on one occasion, when he and others were dining with the artist, a servant entered and asked: "Did you order a lion, sir?" as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The guests feared that a living lion was about to enter, but it turned out to be the body of the dead "Nero," of the Zoological Gardens, which had been sent as a gift to Sir Edwin.

His skill in drawing was marvelous, and was once shown in a rare way at a large evening party. Facility in drawing had been the theme of conversation, when a lady declared that no one had yet drawn two objects at the same moment. Landseer would not allow that this could not be done, and immediately took two pencils and drew a horse's head with one hand, and at the same time a stag's head with the other hand. He painted with great rapidity; he once sent to the exhibition a picture of rabbits painted in three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Wells relates that at one time when Landseer was visiting him, he left the house for church just as his butler placed a fresh canvas on the easel before the painter; on his return, three hours later, Landseer had completed a life-sized picture of a fallow-deer, and so well was it done that neither he nor the artist could see that it required retouching.—*Clara Erskine Clement, in St. Nicholas.*

CHOICE OF GRASSES.

The Best Seeds to Sow for Permanent Meadow and Pasture.

Grasses admirably adapted to some soils and situations may be of little value in other conditions. A dry, gravelly hillside would be a very poor place on which to sow timothy, red-top and alsike, and yet that same dry hillside, if reasonably fertilized, would grow abundantly hard fescue, sheep's fescue, crested dogstail, Kentucky blue and white clover. The superficial terms, "light soil," "medium light soil," "heavy dry soil," "heavy moist soil," "moist peaty soil," "gravelly loam," "sandy loam," "dry hillside," stiff or gravelly as the case may be—these are the most common designations, and as such, whether applied to arable or to grass lands, will do for the purpose of stating what kinds or varieties of grasses are best adapted to such soils and situations. First, then, as to "average light soils," or sandy loam; on such, if intended for meadow, should be sown timothy, meadow fescue, Italian rye grass, yellow oat grass and medium red clover. If intended for pasture, then the best varieties would be Kentucky blue, Pacey's rye grass, orchard and meadow oat grass, rough stalk and a modicum of white clover; these would produce early, medium and late pasturage.

On "medium light soils," if not peaty, the grasses just named would do well for meadow and for pasture, omitting the red and substituting for it the white clovers.

On "heavy dry soils," for meadows, sow timothy, perennial rye grass, tall fescue and medium red clover; and for pasture substitute Kentucky blue and orchard grass for the timothy, and white for red clover.

On "moist heavy soils," for meadow, sow timothy, red-top and Italian rye grass, rough stalk and medium red clover; and for pasture omit the timothy, the rye grass and red clover, and substitute Kentucky blue, orchard grass and white clover.

On "moist peaty soils," for meadow, sow timothy, water meadow grass, red-top and alsike; and for pasture, Kentucky blue, red-top, foul meadow grass and alsike. These grasses are not only adapted to moist situations, but will form a sod not likely to be "heaved out" by frost.

On "sandy soils" and "sandy loams" in lowland, for meadow, sow timothy, tall fescue, yellow oat grass, sweet vernal, and large red clover.

On firm "gravely loam," sow for meadow and for pasture the same mixtures as above indicated for "heavy, dry soils."

On "dry hill-sides," having soil either stiff or friable, the pasture grasses should be sheep's fescue, Pacey's eye grass, crested dogstail, Kentucky blue, sweet vernal and white clovers.

It is sometimes desirable to grow grass in partly shaded woodland pastures. For such places the best varieties are orchard grass, red-top, foul meadow grass, meadow oat grass and wood meadow grass in about equal proportions.

In all the foregoing indicated mixtures, for meadows, timothy, of course, should be the predominating grass. Orchard and meadow oat grasses are not fit to grow in a meadow with timothy, as the two first named ripen so early that by the time the timothy is fit to cut these are over-ripe, dead, dry and innurtritious. But for a meadow, either for early hay or to grow for soiling purposes, nothing can be more profitable than these champion grasses, the meadow oat grass and the orchard grass, when grown together in the proportions of three of the latter to one of the former. The orchard grass, when not sown very thick, is inclined to grow in tussocks, while the oat grass stools and thus fills up the interstices.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

SAVING CORN FODDER.

Important Work Which Is Neglected by Too Many Western Farmers.

The number of farmers who cut their corn, husk it in the fields and leave the stalks and fodder remain on the land through the winter, are legion. We have often wondered how farmers could work so hard over a corn crop and then take such little care of one of the best portions of the crop after it has been made. It is an unsightly view to look over a field in winter where hundreds of stacks, or shocks, of fodder are toppling over, spread out or decaying, losing its value, and conferring no service. Some farmers turn in the cattle upon the corn fodder, supposing they thus save fodder and labor, but the cattle simply pull down that which may be standing, and ruin it with their feet. Others carry it to the barnyard, throwing it in piles over the fence, where it is picked over and the greater portion trampled under foot. These practices do not pay for the labor of shocking the fodder. The farmers waste, not only their labor, but the material also. Corn fodder should be housed or placed under some kind of a shelter. It should never be left in the fields. If it is worth any thing it is worth saving properly. It should be cut just as the leaves show the first tinge of yellow, and the corn should be husked off as soon as it is dry enough. The fodder should then be taken out of the fields and brought to some convenient place for feeding. If it has been passed through a cutter, as has been frequently suggested by us, so much the better, but if it is to be fed in bulk let it be done in racks, and keep it as bright and clean as possible, so the stock will relish it the better. Any kind of material, whether hay or fodder, will lose quality if exposed to all the elements of winter in the fields.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—Boston conservatism occasionally o'er leaps itself. The Boston *Transcript* says: "Miss Bessy Hatton, daughter of the London correspondent, is preparing for the dramatic stage. She is no exception to the general rule, and is characterized as 'a lady of high artistic attainments.' In the name of the prophet, 'Rats!'"

—The busy season of farm labors extends over all the year for the farmer who employs all means to improve opportunities and who uses all resources.—*Troy Times.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The etiquette classes are an important part of the instruction in girl's schools in Japan.

—Active preparations are being made at Kieff to celebrate the nine hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into Russia.

—The State of California is printing the new State school text books, which will cost fifty per cent. less than the books now in use.

—The entire expenses of over one hundred students at Amherst College the past year averaged less than four hundred dollars, vacation expenses included.

—C. P. Huntington, the millionaire, is having built at the home of his childhood, Litchfield, Conn., a Gothic chapel for the Unitarians of that place.

—A Warkworth (Ont.) minister prayed one Sunday morning as follows: "Lord bless our servant girls who are detained from joining in the worship of Thee by the sleeping of their masters and mistresses."

—The Waldensians, at the general conference at Florence, Italy, have decreed that hereafter female members who have reached the age of twenty-one shall be allowed to vote, but not to speak, at church meetings.

—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Montreal, Can., has established a handsomely appointed reading room for young women who can spend the noon hour, read, eat their lunch and rest therein. Women are always in attendance to give the girls welcome.

—At a session of the teachers' association recently held at Saratoga, a report was read showing a large percentage of defect in sight among scholars, which would seem very naturally to arise from the disorder of the pupils.—*Troy Times.*

—It is becoming a custom in Michigan to present "sweet girl graduates," just after they finish reading their graduating exercises, with presents in as great variety as those given a bride. The Chicago *Advance* thinks that while this custom may seem very pretty and pleasant in the beginning, there is great danger of its degenerating into an occasion for ostentation and display.

—The New Hampshire Bible Society during the past year canvassed one hundred and one towns, visited 33,657 families, and found 244 Protestant families without the Bible. In all, 6,848 copies have been placed in circulation—1,280 being given away and 5,568 copies sold. The receipts for the year have been $7,211.89, and the expenditures less than this by $1,248.80.

—In speaking of the progress of the church in India, *Church Bells* says, "A striking—though some fancy it a small—token of religious improvement is the establishment at Bombay of Mrs. Radhabai as a bookseller and stationer. This is the first time that a respectable Hindu widow has ventured to carry on business in her own name since the laws of Manu were written, three thousand years ago."

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Wisdom is oftimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.

—Women like to be looked up to. That's why they wear such high hats.

—Who desires sympathy in adversity, should exercise charity in prosperity.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

—As the soil, however rich it may be, can not be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.—*Seneca.*

—The brave deserve the fair. They are something alike. One faces powder in war, the other powders her face in peace.—*Macon Telegraph.*

—"Shaving Done Here" was the sign the barber put up, and when he was succeeded by a broker the sign was not changed.—*Dansville Breeze.*

—At a revival meeting in a country town, not long ago, a young convert, who was by business a milkman, arose to speak. Just at the moment one of the brethren started in with the hymn, "Shall We Gather at the River?"—*Puck.*

—"Mamma, what does it mean when it says: 'The shades of night are falling fast?'" "You should try and figure out those things for yourself, Johnny." "I know now. It means when sister Jane pulls down the parlor blinds, then Gus Smith comes in to spend the evenings, eh?"—*Boston Globe.*

—"Suits pressed with neatness and dispatch," is what the advertisement read, and a distracted young lover there and then determined to give them a job, for, he said, "I have pressed my suit night and day for three long years, and Susan is no nearer accepting me now than when I began."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Two things are necessary to great action in man—the seemingly contradictory elements of passion and patience; passion the stream which contains the elements of power; patience the dam which checks the descending flood, lifts it to its fullest head, and directs its force to the proper point.—*United Presbyterian.*

—The joking at the expense of slow traveling is now a stock article, and will soon belong to the order of wormeaten "chestnuts." Here is one of the latest: "Why, I paid you when I got into the tram!" "Where did you get on the tram?" "At Fair Haven." "That won't do," said the conductor. "When I left Fair Haven there was only a little boy in the corner." "Yes," answered the old man, "I know it. I was that little boy."—*N. Y. Herald.*

At The Right Shop.

"I think I have stumbled into the wrong office," explained a stranger who opened the door of a Cincinnati lawyer's den.

"Well, that depends. If you are in business and desire to fail and pay ten cents on the dollar, this is the right office."

"O, but I'm one of the creditors of just such a man, and I wanted——"

"Certainly, come in. I'll either get your claim in full or have the scoundrel indicted for fraud."—*Wall Street News.*